GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED



FAMILY SEWING MACHINES. New Styles-Prices from \$50 to \$125 EXTRA CHARGE OF \$5 FOR HEMMERS.

495 Broadway - - New York F. B. CHANDLER, AGENT, MONTROSE,

These machines sew from two spools, as purchased from the store, requiring no rewinding of the store, requiring no rewinding of pale trembling lips utter the knell of departed Sut it was very apparent that Giscinto's thread; they Hem, Foll, Gather, and Stitch in a superior style, finishing each seam by their own operation, without recourse to the handneedle, as is required by other machines. They will do better and cheaper sewing than a seamstress can, weven if she works for one cent an home, and are. unquestionably, the best Machines, in the market for family sewing, on account of their simplicity and sense with their beauty and fradurability, case of management, and adaptation to all varieties of family sewing-executing either heavy or fine work with equal facility, and without special adjustment.

As evidence of the unquestioned superiority of their Machines, the GROVER & BAKER Seiving Machine Company beg leave to respectfully refer to the following

TESTIMONIALS:

"Having had one of Grover & Bakef's Ma-

Machine, which has been in my family for many months. It has always been ready for duty, requiring no adjustment, and is easily adapted to every stricty of family sewing, by simply changing the spools of thread."—Mrs. Elizabeth Strickland, wife of Rev. Dr. Strickland, Editor of N. V. Christins Algerta. of N. Y. Christian Advocate.

"After trying several good machines, I prefer yours, on account of its simplicity, and the per-fect ease with which it is managed, as well as the strength and durability of the seam. After the strength and aurability of the seam. After long experience, I feel competent to speak in this manner, and to confidently recommend it for every variety of family sewing."—Mrs. F. B. Spooner, wife of the Editor of Brooklyn Star.

to all kinds of family setting, from Cambric to Broadcloth. Garmenis have been worn out without the giving way of a stitch. The Machine is easily kept in order, and easily used."—Mrs. A. B. Whipple, wife of Rev. Geo. Whipple, New

"Your Sewing Machine has been in use in my nily the past two years, and the me to give you their testimonials to its perfect adaptedness, as well as labor siving qualities in the performance of family and household sewing."—Robert Boorman, New York.

"For several months we have used Grover & Raker's Sewing machine, and have come to the conclusion that every lady who desires her sewing beautifully and quickly done, would be most fortunate in possessing one of these reliable and indefatigable 'fron peedle-women,' whose combined qualities of beauty, strength and simplici-ty, are invaluable."—J. W. Morris, daughter of Gen. Geo. P. Morris, Editor of the Home Jour.

Esq., an American gentlemen, now resident in Sydney, New South Wales, dated January 12th,

"I had a tent made in Melbourn, in 1853, in which there were over three thousand yards of sewing done with one of Grover & Baker's Machines, and a single seam of that has outstood all the double seams sewed by sailors with a peedle and twine.

"If Homer could be called up from his marky hades, he would sing the advent of Grover & in state in old ocean's coral halls, while the Baker as a more benignant miracle of art than creel marderers smiled serenely in the morwas ever Vulcan's smithy. He would denounce row's sunlight, unheeding the LOST. midnight skirt-making as 'the direful spring of woes unnumbered."—Prof. North.

"I take pleasure in saying, that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines have more than sustained my expectation. After trying and returning others, I have three of them in operation in my different places, and, after four years' trial, have no fault to find."—J. H. Hammond, Senator

"My wife has had one of Grover & Baker's Famin the painting of battles, whence he was list treasure in? In the painting of battles, whence he was list treasure in? also called Michael Angelo of the Battle field.

Michael Angelo had occasion one day to paint St. John the Evangelist but his habit arm. 'let the ris Governor of Tennesse.

"It is a beautiful thing, and puts everybody into an excitement of good humor. Were I a Catholic, I should insist upon Saints Grover and Baker having an eternal holiday in commemora-tion of their good deeds for humanity."—Cassins

"I think it by far the best patent in use. This Machine can be adapted from the finest cambric to the heaviest cassimere. It sews stronger, faster, and more beautifully than ary one can imagine. If mine could not be replaced, money could not buy it."—Mrs. J. H. Brown, Nashville,

"It is speedy, very neat, and durable in its work; is easily understood and kept in repair. I carneatly recommend this Machine to all my acquaintances and others."—Mrs. M. A. Forrest, Monable Para.

"We find this Machine to work to our satis-

faction, and with pleasure recommend it to the public, as we believe the Grover & Baker to be the best Sewing Machine in use."—Deary Broth-

"If used exclusively for family purposes, with ordinary care, I will wager they will last one three score years and ten, and never get out of fix."—John Erskine, Nashville, Tann.

"I have had your Machine for several weeks, and am perfectly satisfied that the work it does is the best and most beautiful that ever was made."-Margie Aimison, Nashville, Tenn.

feb17 \$27*10c.13 under foot; exclaiming :

Written for the Democrat. THE LOST.

BY NELLIE CLIFTON.

Lost! That word is the requiem of all that is brightest and best in our lives. "Blessings brighten as they take their flight," and no hours or opportunities are so precious as those we have lost. No friends so dear and treasured as those the grave and the sods hide forever from our longing eyes. No pleasures so sweet as those we have already drained from life's chalice. No buds of hope so lovey as those the returnless waves of time have não from us.

From the regions of eternal death, the ruined spirits send up their wail of horrible ag-ony and the refrain ever is "lost l lost!" The man grown hoary in crime, looks back, with a remoreful anguish torturing bim, upon You young goose!—when I was your age, the noble aspirations checked, the high resolutions broken, the confidence betrayed, the far superior to those created by my brush; sacred trust violated, and, as he thinks of the that was perhaps why I gave up painting

hope and happiness," fost!"
Our pathway may be blooming bright with flowers, we may poisess God's best gifts, friends, the purest effections of warm, true hearts may be lavished upon us. With care-less steps, we may crush out all the life from the flowers that should have gladdened eight grance. In some hour of hasty anger, we may wound the friends we should "grapple to our souls with hooks of steel," and the friendship of years be sacrificed to the caprice of a moment. Listening to the promptings of a false pride, we may cast aside the affecthen how yearningly we stretch out our hands for the lost.

Napoleon staked honor, integrity, all against glory. Kingdoms and principalities "Having had one of Grover & Diker's Machines in my family for nearly a year and a half,

I take pleasure in commending it as every way
reliable for the purpose for which it is designed
—Family Sewing."—Mrs. Joshan Leavitt, wife
of Rev. Dr. Leavitt, Editor of N. Y. Independent.

In confess myself delighted with your Sewing

The thrones of the world trembled at the tread
of his embattled legions. His engle perched
upon the hoary pyramids, beside the crumbling vuins of storied Philae beyond "far
Syene" and froze amid the snows of a Russian were in his gift, and the crowns of kings, or ainter. At Austerlitz, Lodi, and Marengo "his deeds were writ in gore." He tors him-self from linging arms of Josephine; teaching his proud heart to forget how beauti'ul a thing is woman's love, and on the lone, island rock, a captive and an exile, the

wild waves sang the requiem of all he had

There was a storm on the ocean. The mad waves leaped beavenward and then dushed themselves into foam, in the very impotency of wrath. Athwart the clouds of inky blackness the lightnings leaped in vivid flashes and, for an instant, lighted up the wild waste of waters. The sullen thunders boomed incessantly from "I have used Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine for two years, and have found it adapted the black battlements of the sky. A gallant ship rode for a moment on the foam-cre-ted billows and then plunged into the vallies between—quivering as if a living thing in terbrave and the beautiful; but, smid the raging,

cious freight of human beings. At first one universal shrick there rushed Louder than the loud ocean, like the crash Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed, Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash Of billows; but at intervals there gushed, Accompanied with a convulsive splash,

solitary shrick—the bubbling cry Of some strong swimmer in his agony." On the land there went up from a hundred somes, shrouded in woe, the wail of lost!

The bereaved wife knew that the pitiless [Extract of a letter from Thor. R. Leavitt, | waves alone would answer her cry of anguish. The son and brother had gone from the homestead, with proud hopes kindling the flush of joy on his manly cheek; yet the dark sea weeds made a winding street for his coffinless grave. The betrothed maiden listened vainly for the returning footsteps of the lover, who had gone down with the beloved name minging with his last prayer. Peacefully they slept—husband, brother, lover, all—lying in state in old ocean's coral halls, while th

The Painter's Creasure.

Michael Angelo Cerquozzi was a Roma painter, who lived in the middle of the seven-teenth century. His clever painting of pasterals, markets, fairs and scenes of low-life, gained him the name of Michael Angelo delle Bambocciate. He excelled especially Michael Angelo had occasion one day to paint St. John the Evangelist, but his habit arm, 'let the robber come whenever he of employing ridiculous and grotesque types pleases, he will find neither the man nor the made it difficult for him to find a proper money !"

our Roman ladies pray with such ferror to slacken his pace. In proportion as he felt

the saints turned out of your studio, said tired the weight of the box seemed to increase; Michael Angelo.

'If the lad suits you, I'll make him over to and from shoulder to shoulder, but only suc-

you with the greatest pleasure.' Michael Angelo did not observe the singular expression with which Algardi uttered the two last words.

'Are you willing to follow me?' he asked the young man. 'Yes, if you'll promise to teach me how to paint'

I wish you better luck with the brush than with the chisel, said Algardi.

For the space of a month Giacinto neglectand morose. Each morning, as soon as he had finished sitting for St. John, he withdrew to some isolated spot, and remained there till night, buried in sombre reveries.

But after one of these solitary fits, Giacinto respected in the studio with a more cheerful countenance, and energetically sess himself of an easy prey! This thought commenced sketching the head of a ma-'That's not amiss,' said Michael Angelo;

'I think I have seen that head some-If you had seen it, master,' replied the young man hastily, 'you would think this an

abominable daub. 'You young goose!—when I was your age, I also thought the madonna of my dreams

vocation was to paint madonnas rather than scenes of low-life; for regularly every Monday, after having spent Sunday in wandering about Tivoli, he rubbed out the madenna o the preceeding week and began a new one

Some five or six canvasses had been used in this way, when, on Monday morning, Giacinto again abandoned the palette and relapsed into those fits of melancholy which had latterly disappeared as they had come without apparent reason. Michael Angelo noticed this sudden change, and was alarmed by it. In a visit he paid to Algardi, Giacintion that has unspeakably blessed us, and te's name having been mentioned, he could ed him with such insurmountable antipnot help saying reproachfully:

'That lad you gave me is a perfect mad-'Yes, he'll come to a bad end shortly,' re

plied the sculptor.

And he changed the subject, as if he wish ed to avoid further explantions. Michael Angelo then recollected the plea sure which Algardi bad expressed on giving up Giacinto to him as a model; coupling this remembrance with the well-known selfishness of the sculptor, who would certainly not have parted so easily with a lad who gave bim satisfaction, he became seriously uneasy, and by the time he reached home, his mind was filled with infinite apprehensions. An excla mation which he heard by chance brought

into his scal: 'Money! money! even if I rob or murder for it!

It was Gincinto's voice. Michael Angelo, containing himself with difficulty, went straight up to the young man and said:

'Giacinto, get your things together and leave my house this very evening-not to return ; do vou understand f 'Yes, master,' he answered: and, without making sny further remark, set about mak-

ing preparations for his departure.
Reflecting on Giacinto's promptsubmission of the fearful tempers and the demoniac war of nod the apparent tranquility with which he me, I am sure that you would speak to me wind and wares, it went down with its pre- left the house, Michael Angelo'was more dis- more gently. turbed than ever. He hastened to his bedroom, drew out from under his bed a box, which he opened burriedly, and exlaimed:

"Thank God!—the crime has not been accomplished. But,' thought he, 'may it not be that, for the completion of his crime, it is indifferent to him whether he is inside or outside the house, and that his plans are so well

laid that he feels sure of success !'

To account for the anxiety evinced by Michael Angelo, it must be explained that he was not used to have in his possession any large sum of money; but it had so happened that only the week before several noblemen had sent bim the price of various commissions. Our painter had not intended to keep these monies long in his possesson, as he feared they would deprive him of his most precious treasure—his cheerfulness. But at that period, the only place in Rome in which money could be safely deposited, was the Monte de-Pieta, to the use of which Michael Angelo felt an invincible repugnance; he was therefore awaiting some more satisfactory opportunity; when the imminence of the danger to which he believed himself exposed, pointed out to him the necessity of coming

o a decision, and executing it promptly. He remembered that, when returning from Algardi's, he had noticed at some disstance from the main road, in a wild spot surrounded by rocks, a dark and deep cave, at sight of which he had exclaimed :

That's the very place for a miser to bury His resolution was instantly taken.

model, and in pursuance of his want he walked towards Tivoli and called on Al-Rome to the cave about ten miles. It was a gardi, one of the most famous sculptors of beautiful night; innumerable stars twinkled The box was heavy, and the distance from the period, to whom he confided his diffi- in the beavens; a cool and performed breeze had succeeded to the heat of the day; it was 'Here, Giacinto P cried the sculptor, 'come just the time for a walk; and Michael Angelo

> ceeded in increasing his sense of general fatigue. At last, yielding to the absolute necessity of taking rest, he threw himself down at the foot of a tree, exclaiming : 'If it were to save my life, I could go no

The night was wearing away, the stars were paling, the rosy tint of morning was stopped short.

just peeping above the herizon; Michael
Angelo could not remain eternally under the light? he said, 'and what is the meaning of Giscinto, the son of Giovanni Brandi, an tree with his box; some determination must this girl's conduct and the more than singularity, the son of Giovanni Brandi, an tree with his box; some determination must this girl's conduct and the more than singularity and the more than embroidery-designer, had hitherto manifested be arrived at. Just, at the spot where he lar manner in which she accosted med How made."—Margie Aimison, Nashville, Tenn.

"I use my Machine upon coata, dressmaking and the work is admissed than best hand-sewing, or any other machine. I have ever seen."—Lucy B. Thompson, Nashville, Tenn.

"I find the work the strongest and most bean ifful I have ever seen, made either by hand or machine, and regard the Grover & Baker Machine as one of the greatest blessings to our set."—Mrs. Taylor, Nashville, Tenn.

"EXP SEVER FOR A CIRCHIAR ACT."

"I use my Machine upon coata, dressmaking no desire to attain a more elevated position in art than his father, and if Algardi showed hill, half-way up the sides of which fragments of rocks jutted out here and there. This place appeared to him much less secure than the appear to be seeking something? "Master, replied Giscinto, in the present of things, mystery is useleds; "I love that the outset of his career mas pupil of Michael Angelo was not very favorable; after covering a canvass with colors, be examined it with scrupulous attention, and when forced to confess that his first trial had not produced a master-piece. he trampled it

I shall never be a great painter! Yet, dug a hole in which he placed the box; he tinued Giacinto, to gaze upon her levely face, then covered it with earth, and over all placed and I siways returned to you with the hope some tufts of grass in such a way as to deceive that love, as with the stroke of a fairy-wand,

> not been wholly concealed by the shades of great painter!" asked Michael Angelo. night. Might not some unknown witness have watched his departure in order to poscame upon him as a presentiment; he hastily retraced his steps, and there, on his knees, close to the stone which concealed his treasure, gazing anxiously about him, was a man

It was Gincinto Brandi. 'I see you, wretch!' cried Angelo.
Startled by the voice, Giacinto did not even wait to ascertain whence it had come, but lustrious or rich I resolved-

sprang up and disappear was path which led round the bill. tufis of grass were intact; nothing had been

without it was to bid his money an eternal farewell. What was to be done? One course seemed practicable—it was that of senting himself on the stone, spending his day there, and at night digging up the box and endeav-oring to reach the city, where he would have en to lodge his money in that very Monte-di-that of her father, called out to me, 'I see Picta which, only the day before, had inspir-you, wretch?' This frightened me, and I fled,

Michael Angelo had already passed two impulse was to spring up and seize his dag. nor, in so strange a fashion.

In the face of so perfectly frank and simple ger, but seeing only a young girl who hartily disappeared as if frightened by his menscing gesture, Michael Angelo resumed his seat. After a few minutes be saw the same girl reappear on another spot, peering cautiously hands, you may congratulateyourselves upon through the bushes, and again disappearing, having made me pass a wretched night and on finding herself observed.

claimed: By heavens!-Giacinto's madonna! The mystery was now completely solved; onbiless this hill wat the haunt of brigands, his uneasiness to a climax, and struck terror and Giacinto was one of them; as to the madonna, her employment was that of watching for travellers and giving notice to

After looking at her for a moment, he ex

Michael Angelo, the dagger in his band, held himself in readiness for whatever might happen.

and this time she did not endeavor to conceal herself, but walked timidly up to 'What do you want?' he asked her,

harsbly. 'Forgive me, signor,' she replied, some hesitation; 'if you knew what brings

'Once more, what do you want !' 'I want,' replied the young girl, offended by the roughness of his manner, 'I want you "These poor children stand in need of sup to let me look under that stone on which you port, and I have made myself their advocate,' are sitting, to see if there is something there said Michael Angelo. which I want.'

Michael sprang up and looked around him. bandits; but he was alone with the young girl. While gazing at her, lost in amazement at her effrontery, he saw her stoop down and girl. While gazing at her, lost in amazement at her effrontery, he saw her stoop down and examine beneath the seat.
'Enough!' cried be, pushing her away;

I warn you that I am in no very patient humor. It was now the young girl's turn to be lost

n amazement.
'Whom do you take the for, signor !'
'For a daughter of Satan, ill-disguised as 'For a daughter of Satan, ill-disguised as an angel. Are you not ashamed—you so in law possess?' asked Michael Angelo.

-young and so beautiful—to follow so disgrace.

'Three thousand,' replied Algardi. ful a calling l'

The young girl's cheek blushed scarlet, and tears gathered in her eyes.
'I should be glad,' said Michael Angelo, in a softened tone, to see in those blushes a sign of shame, and in those tears a symptom of repentance; perhaps, my poor child, your heart s not yet entirely corrupted; perhaps it is not yet too late to save you, by snatching you from the fatal influence of Giacinto.'

'Giacinto!' exclaimed the young girl; 'then you know all? 'Yes. I know all; or rather, I have guessed it; it is Giacinto's love and wicked counsels

which have led you astray.'
'Giacinto!' she cried, with sparkling eyes; 'Giacinto is worthy of my leve, and I am proud of his; it is cowardly in you to accuse him when he is not here to defend himself.

'Lam here!' It was indeed Giacinto, who suddenly appeared as the young girl uttered the last At sight of him, Michael Angelo felt cer

tain that his time had come. and show yourself.'

Giacinto was a handsome young man of about twenty, who, for some months past, had lived with Signor Algardi, serving him as a moist and heavy.

Yam of longer surprised, Algardi, that list legs felt stiff, and he was obliged to Angelo.

Tam of longer surprised, Algardi, that list legs felt stiff, and she was obliged to Angelo.

'Master,' said he, 'I am alone and unarmed.' 'Unarmed !- I can't see beneath the folds

of your cloak. Alone! -these rocks may onceal many besides yourself.' 'Why, master, whom do you take me for?' said the foung man in turn. Whom do I take you for !- why, for-

But Giacinto's countenance expressed such perfect innocence, that Michael Augelo

ed brushes and palette; he became tacitum bighroad, and free from his burthen, turned painter; but, alas! I was forced to acknowland morose. Each morning, as soon as he once more towards Rome. edge that, as you had told me, wishes alone

'When I made known my love to Teresa's father, he answered me—'I will only give my daughter to a great artist, or a man who has plenty of money."

. 'Now I begin to understand,' said Michael Angelo.
The last time I saw Teresa, she told me her father had arranged a rich marriage for her; I returned home desperate, and seeing that no time was allowed me to become il-

'To take a short out to fortune,' said Michel Angelo, 'by following me last night,

way from Rome, and watched my every die that I might not see this marriage, which, movement. What horrible depravity in a by depriving me of hope, fills up the measyoung man of twenty! It is by depriving me of nope, his up the measure of my sorrow. If you see me here, it is because I wish to take a last farewell of this she shausted strength would not allow him to return to Rome with the boy; to return and of this stone, which has been the safe debecause I wish to take a last farewell of this' pository of our correspondence.

'Then,' said Michel Angelo, 'when I saw you stooping this morning. . . . ? 'It was to leave my last message-the letter in which I announced to Teresa my despairing resolution. A voice, which I fancied carrying with me the letter, which I had not had time to conceal.'

'And,' interupted Terces, 'it was the hope hours seated upon this stone, when he heard of finding a letter from Giacinto, which a slight sound a little behind him. His first brought me here when you received me, sig-

> an explanation, it was impossible for Michael Angelo to doubt any longer.
> 'Well, my children,' said be, taking their

> 'I will tell you another time; at present we've something else to do. Who is this heard-hearted father who refuses to make his daughter happy !'

'You know him, master,' said the young 'I do not remember, signora, to have seen rou anywhere but in Giacinto's pictures,' said

Michael Angelo. 'I did not often leave my aunt's room and my father forbade me to enter his studio. I am Algardi's daughter, signor.'
At that instant a voice was heard which Michael Angelo at once recognized, at the

was the voice of the sculptor. I expected as much!" he cried.
But before he could say any more, Nichas Angelo stepped up to him, holding cut his hand.

"You here, and with them, Michael Angelo!" he exclaimed.

"These poor children stand in need of sup-"I will never give my daughter to a Gis cinto," cried Algardi.

'Giacinto will never do any good, either with Algardi the Sculptor, or Michael Angelo of the Battlefield; I will place him wit

Lanfranc, who paints such lovely Virgins, an promise you that he will be heard of before wo years are nassed. Two years !- it will then be too late; my laughter will be married in a week's time.

Giacinto can put down four thousand this moment.' There was a moment of silence, during

which Algardi, Giacinto and Teresa gazed with inquiring looks into the face of Michael Angelo, unable to determine whether he was in jest or carnest.
'If that's the case,' said Algardi at length

'I love my daughter too well to refuse the husband she herself prefers.' Michael Angelo stooped down, raked away the earth from under the stone, drew out the box and presented it to Algardi, saying: Count! Thank God,' he added, 'the Mon te-di-Pieta will not have my money, and I have found an investment for it which will

save me from further trouble." .. Whilst Algardi was handling the money to assure himself he was not the dupe of an llusion, Teresa and Giacinto gratefully pressed

Michael Angelo's band. By-the-by, said the latter to Giacinto, 'you shall carry the box back; it is only fair that you also should know how much it weighs.'

The Capture of Ibree.

The French army was preparing during plains of Italy, and was traversing with almost incredible difficulty and perseverance, the stupendous Alps which extend from St. and helpless as yourself." most incredible difficulty and perseverance, the stupendous Alps which extend from St. Bernard to Nice and Montenotte; encount ering, hour by hour, obstacles so formidable abled entirely to overcome them.

scarcely anticipated would venture to dispute their passage even for an instant, its fortifica- ation and excuse. tions being almost nominal, and the nature

the inhabitants of the town, and the troops "General-" gasped the culprit, who felt in the citadel, consisting only of four thousand men with twenty-five guns, held the place "Can you det

Furious to find himself arrested on his beneath the flag of France."

"General, I was ordered to perform my march, by so insignificant an obstacle: Bonaparter who had taken Alexandria in a day, and Cairo in an hour—and who was, more formed it. He would have taken my life, and over, anxious to possess himself of a position I have taken his. The game was an even one? which would faciliate his operations on Milan "Silence, sir, silence!" was the stern reply -issued an order for the division under Lan- of the General. nes to make an attack upon the town and to compel a surrender.

A battalion of the twenty-second demi-

origade, led by General Cochet, first escaladed the fortress, and caried it at the point of the bayonet; when the French no sooner found Pahl it is sickening. You are no longer themselves in possession of the fifteen field worthy to save the Republic; nor shall you Michael Angelo hurried to the stone; the after I had given you the dismissal which you took so quietly?

After I had given you the dismissal which you took so quietly?

After I had given you the dismissal which you took so quietly?

After I had given you the dismissal which you took so quietly?

After I had given you the dismissal which you took so quietly?

After I had given you the dismissal which you please which had defended the entrance, than, do another hour. Deliver to me, upon the twenty turned them upon the town, and open instant, your sword, your cease of for their legions a perilous, but unobstructed decoration. From this moment you cease and your of path, along which they boldly advanced to belong to the twenty-second deminating the formal three hours of brigade; you cease to belong to the army of alternative me at large the strength of the twenty-second deminating the strength of the strength of the twenty-second deminating the strength of the twenty-second deminating the strength of the a struggle, as heroic as it was hopeless, driven from the citadel, decimated in the streets of the town shot down on all sides when be-

youd the reach of his enemies, or cut down by the sabres of those by whom they were overtaken in their flight, a few of the Aus-trian soldiers, and the mere handful of inhabits ants who had escaped the carnage, took refuge with the Austrian Adjutant General, resolved to hold out so long as one of them should be left alive.

In a few instants the residence of the brave veteran was transformed into an actual fortress; loop-holes were perforated in the walls, barricades were hastily erected, and every energy was exerted to accomplish an offensive defence.

Couchet was the first to enter Ivree, but he was closely followed by Lannes, who sent an officer and two battalions of the twenty-second the young widow continued a prey to the to force the position of the enemy. We re-frain from naming this officer out of respect her busband laid in the grave with all the to his family, several of whose members have impressing ceremony of a military foreral, the since the event, which we are about to record, unfortunate woman who had lost in one hour since the event, which we are about to record, filled with honor to themselves an elevated all that she had loved on earth, except ber miled with nonor to themselves an elevated all that she had loved on earth, except her rank in the French army; let it suffice that Major L.—, who was conspicuous in the Republican forces for his headlong courage, penetrated, at the head of one of the battalions (by passing over the bodies of the forty even the tears or caresses of her son, the idol gallant fellows by whom his entrance was of her maternal heart, could rouse her; she opposed;) into the house of the Austrian did not hear his voice, she did not feel his General.

teneral.

Kisses upon her lips; she was unconscious
This dauntless man, after having seen all that his loving arms were clasped about her sound of which our lovers turned pale. It

was invaded by the French soldiery.

Major L _____ who had never during his aid-de-camp came to apprise that the General-fifteen years of military service given quarter in-Chief desired an interview with her at the to an enemy, was already advancing toward Town Hall, in which he had established his the veteran to complete his work of blood, when a young and singularly beautifulwoman rashed out of a neighboring chamber, and, falling at his feet, and clinging to his knees, pale, disheveled, writhing and almost insane, shricked out in a voice of terror and despair,

from which all the tenderness of the woman and the wife had disappeared: "Mercy! mercy! Do not kill him: He is my husband, and the father of my child."

The Republican officer looked down upon those men who were subsequently to fill such ber without pity or emetion.

different destinies; and to leave upon the field
What had he to do with the agonies and of battle, or in the intrigues of courts, or the enteries of a woman? In a second he amid political conspiracies some their honors, bad her trust violently from him; and taking and others their heads. one step- forward, had fired his pistol at the

head of the gray-haired veteran.

The discharge of the weapon was echoed by a cry wrung from the very soul of the un
were subsequently to become famous; while

mother calls you—come."

At the well-known voice, a lovely boy of scarcely three years of age, who, as he saw advanced in silence, and led her to a seat, his father fall, concented himself, pale and passed his hand with a melancholy smile over trembling beneath that father's bed approach—the fair curls of her boy and then commenced ed his mother, and having reached her side, a slow and measured walk from end to end ed his mother, and having reached her size, a slow and measured waik from end to end buried his face in the folds of her dress, as if to shut out the frightful scene around him.

But frenzied by despair, she plucked him from his new hiding-place; and leading him to Major L——, said, in a tone as hard and the unhappy woman. A vague feel-

lips of stone: "Coward, your work is not yet done. You with whom she had so strangely brought inhave still his son to murder." At this moment loud acclamations were heard from without, and a French General.

Major L- turned pale as their eyes met

"Revenge him—revenge me—"
"Calm yourself, Madame," said the general an accent so low and gentle, that it thrillthe campaign of 1800, to meet the Austrian ed through every heart; "I must understand forces under the Archduke Charles, in the what has taken place before I can pledge

He had scarcely ceased speaking, however, when a heavy frown gathered upon his brow; that neither the courage of the troops, the and a dark light shone in his eyes. All be immense resources of the commissariat, nor saw revealed the truth at once; the Major, the military genius of their leader, were en with his pistol still grasped in his iron hand; the disfigured corpse, its white hair dabiled memories, nor is it at this moment a fixing Nothing daunted, however, by either suf- with blood; the frantic woman, careless of residence for one so young and, pardon me Nothing daunted, however, by either suffering or fatigue, they toiled on, as if they all the conventionalities of sex, though suralready foresaw the indomitable will of their rounded by a horde of ruthless soldiery; the under the escort and protection of General characters of Milan and Turin; to lead them to to swake from the dreamless sleepfrom which Republic. Farewell, Madaur, all I ask of Genoa, and to dictate his own terms of peace there is no waking upon earth. After one you is, to tell the Archduke Charles, on your to his baughty rival on the battle-field of rapid, eagle-like, glance, he understood all; arrival in his camp, what justice you have Marengo. Marengo:

Within a few leagues of Milan, in a hollow for doubt nor justification. His eye flashed this day."

Marengo:

Within a few leagues of Milan, in a hollow for doubt nor justification. His eye flashed this day."

And the name of my preserver—of my hard the murderer, averager—that I and my child may remember Doria Balthes, they at length came upon the and turned abrupily toward the murderer, little town and fortress of Ivree, which they who stood before him, trembling, stupified, and Stammering a few incoherent words of explan-

"You are a coward, sir!" he exclaimed, veof its position rendering it impossible that its named to are a covard, sirill be reclaimed, wounded steady than its want is garrison could sustain a regular siege.

They were, however, in error; courageous, the presence of his wife, who cried to you those prayers from you for Naroleou Boastwonderfully adroit, and fanatically patriolic, for mercy. It was the action of a felou!"

They were the presence of his wife, who cried to you those prayers from you for Naroleou Boastwonderfully adroit, and fanatically patriolic, not produced a master-piece, he trampled it of seat formed naturally by a piece of rock, through my studie!'

Under foot, exclaiming:

They were, however, in error; courageous, toe presence of unit with the help of his dagger, he 'I came here Sunday after Sunday,' con wonderfully adroit, and fanatically patriotic; for mercy. It was the action of a felon!"

"Can you deny the charge that I have the sharpest eye. This done, he regained the bighroad; and free from his burthen, turned one more towards Rome.

As he left the hill, he was assailed by fresh perplexities. He reflected that his labors had

"Wherefore this impatience to become a sheltered with the store of the sharpest eye. This done, he regained the bighroad; and free from his burthen, turned printer; but, alast I was forced to acknowled by three of the wint weekly as gainst an army of thirty brought against you? Can'you produce one once now to wards Rome.

As he left the hill, he was assailed by fresh will not make an artist.'

Wherefore this impatience to become a sud Lannes.

"A fallen foe should be as sacred as a friend. Face to face and foot to foot every loyal soldier should meet his foe; but to shoot down an unarmed man; to murder in cold blood one who is incapable of resistance

Italy."
The Major looked up haughtily.
"General," he exclaimed, steadily, but with the concentrated emotion of one who was yielding up the better portion of his existence, "here is my cross and my sword. I now demand a court-martial."

"You shall have one, sir, you shall have one, and no later than to-n eioinder. Then, turning toward the officers, who had

remained silent spectators of this exciting scene, the General approached the corpse of the Austrian soldiers, and removing his hat, said, solemnly:
"Follow my example, gentlemen; too
much honor cannot be paid to the fallen

brave." Duringatha remainder of the frightful day

his little garrison fall and expire around him, neck; the breathed, but that was all; her had armed himself with a hatchet, which he wielded with auperhuman energy against his so long as she had a husband to avenge, a advancing foes; and as Major L—appeared at the door of the room where he had taken and courage to speak and to act; but now up his post, he aimed so furious a blow at his head, with the formidable weapon, to which he had already become accustomed, that, had not the wary officer adroitly struck it aside with his sword, it must have felled him to the membered only the immensity of her loss, the earth. It was his closing effort, however; depth of her bereavement, and the was conin the next instant he fell, and the apartment sequently more astonished than alarmed when,

> head-quarters.
>
> Without the hesitation of a moment the newly-made widow took her child by the and want of rest; and then, lifting him in her arms, she followed the messenger with a firm step, but without having attered a

> byllable. 🕏 Ittroduced at once into the council-chainber, she found herself in the midst of all the most celebrated generals of the French army; different destinies; and to leave upon the field

There were assembled Murat, Duroe, Lanin the midst stood the General-in Chief, his "George, my child, where are you? Your arms folded tightly across his breast, and his eyes bent upon the ground.

As the lady entered he looked toward her.

emotionless as though it had proceeded from ing of terror stole upon her; but as she could not articulate one sentence to inquire of those to contact, what she had to fear, or what to

hope.
Suddenly the roll of a muffled drum fell. surrounded by a group of officers, appeared upon her ear—a discharge of musketry fol-upon the treshold of the blood stained apart—lowed it—and the report had no sooner died away than the General-in-Chief stood motionless for an instant; and then approaching her, his; but the young widow, as if suddenly took her hand, and hed her to a window froith inspired, rushed toward the new comer, exclose of a military execution.

"Shrink not, Madame," he said, as with & natural horror she averted her eyes from the painful-spectacle; "the dead man lying youd-er was a French officer whom his countrymed and comrades have just shot, for having, in a town tuken by assault, murdered an

He paused, cast a lightning glance over the group of officers around him, and then added:

"You are at perfect liberty to quite Ivred whenever you may wish to do so. To you the town must be full of bitter and oruel

him in our prayers ?"

The stern soldier turned asidefor amomed!

and then, with a studied and gracious courtesy; be said; in a voice which was somewhat less